

Murder Brings Everyone Together by TriCypher

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield Have a Good Relationship, Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Billy is a good brother, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Bottom Steve Harrington, Boys In Love, Established Feelings, Gay Billy Hargrove, Gay Disaster Billy Hargrove, Hopper is a good dad, Hopper is everyone's dad, Hurt Steve Harrington, Idiots in Love, Jonathan and Nancy are a background relationship, Joyce is a good mom, M/M, Max is a good sister, Murder, Neil gets what's coming to him, Neil is a dick, Protective Billy Hargrove, Protective Steve Harrington, Season 2, Season/Series 02, Soft Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington Is a Mess, Steve Harrington Needs a Hug, Steve is a good babysitter, but oblivious to each other's feelings, murder brings everyone together, takes place after Steve and Billy's fight

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington's Parents, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-07-25

Updated: 2021-07-25

Packaged: 2022-03-31 10:30:07

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,720

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Neil finds out Billy is in love with Steve. Steve kills Neil before Neil can kill Billy. Now Steve is a murderer and Billy is an accessory to murder. But hey, what better way to force two people to admit their feelings for each other than covering up a crime?

Murder Brings Everyone Together

The fight at the Byers' house had made Steve acutely aware of Billy Hargrove. Which was probably why Steve was so aware of the fresh bruising coloring Billy's chest, neck, and shoulders.

Their fight had been a week ago, and while it was true Steve had gotten his ass beat by Max's older brother, he himself had managed to land a few good hits, and Steve had proudly memorized the marks he'd left on Billy's perfect face.

Those bruises on Billy's torso however, were not by Steve's hands. The brunet wondered what fight Billy had gotten into for those. Who had given them to him?

When Billy got into fights, he always won, and would flaunt the few marks he'd receive. But Billy wasn't proud of this bruising, and no one had heard of any fights besides the epic Harrington vs. Hargrove a week ago.

Which got Steve thinking as he stared at Billy changing his shirt in the nearly empty locker room.

Now that he dwelled on it, Billy had a lot of unexplained marks on his body from unheard-of fights. It was weird. One day, when Max was in his front seat and Dustin was fast asleep in the back, Steve asked Max about it.

"Where does Billy get all those marks from?"

Max immediately looked uncomfortable. "What do you mean?" Her voice had raised an octave.

Steve gave her a stern side-glance, an uneasy pit forming in his stomach at Max's attitude. "The cuts, Max. The bruises. He always has new ones. And he has scars. He cannot be getting in THAT many fights, especially considering he always wins."

"There's one person he never wins against," Max mumbled, sliding down in her seat.

“Who?” “Neil.”

Steve jerked the wheel in surprise.

“WATCH THE ROAD, DIPSHIT!” Max screamed as they swerved. Steve was quick to regain control. Dustin didn’t stir in the backseat.

“Neil Hargrove? His *dad*?” Max frowned, playing with the hem of her shirt. “Yeah.” Steve’s jaw locked. “Why haven’t you told anyone?”

“When I talk I make things worse,” Max grumbled. “Billy’s an ass about it, but he’s technically right. I’m the reason we moved from Cali. I... I caught him with a guy. I didn’t understand. I told mom and she told Neil. Billy was in the hospital for two weeks.”

Steve was glancing between her and the road, jaw tightly clenched.

“And,” she swallowed thickly. “The boy... well. Neil is friends with people as corrupt and cruel as him. And one’s a cop. They beat that dude unrecognizable. The cop covered it up. Made it look like a random jumping. Then as soon as Billy was out of the hospital, we up and moved. Now Billy’s *terrified* of cops. He’d never let me say a word.”

Steve pulled up in front of the Hargrove house and stared at it while Max got out with hardly a word.

“Goodnight.”

Steve didn’t respond.

Max stalked towards that house, that hell, when the reality crossed Steve’s mind. “Wait! Max, I don’t want you going in there.” Max froze but didn’t turn around, hanging her head. “Neil doesn’t touch me,” she assured him. “Billy makes sure of it.”

With that, she hurried into the house. Steve stared dumbly at Billy’s Camaro before driving off to drop off Dustin.

Max knew something was wrong as soon as she entered the house. Neil was sitting in his armchair, flipping through a notebook. He looked angrier with every page he turned, his face an ugly shade of angry red.

Max didn't dare ask what he was reading.

Billy's heavy footsteps sounded down the hall, and a minute later, he appeared in the doorway. His eyes landed on the book in Neil's hands and Max watched all the blood drain from her brother's face.

Neil looked up slowly. "Billy." His voice was a dangerous calm. "What is this?"

"Where did you get that?" Billy choked.

In one swift movement, Neil had crossed the room and slammed Billy into the wall. He shook the notebook in his face. "I SAID WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?"

When Billy didn't answer Neil swung his fist across Billy's face. Before he could recover from the punch, Neil had him by the collar, and threw the notebook to the floor in favor of using both hands to drag Billy to the door.

"Billy and I are going for a ride, Maxine," Neil said coolly, as though he wasn't currently dragging his son out the door against his will. "Your mother is in bed. It's time for you to go to bed as well."

Max watched in horror as Neil dragged Billy out the door, slamming it behind him, not bothering to wait for Max's response. She ran to the window and saw Neil shoving Billy into his truck.

Max had never seen so much terror in her brother's eyes before. She took a step back as the truck peeled away and something crinkled under her foot. She bent down to find the notebook that had made Neil so angry.

Flipping through the pages, she realized that the notebook was a diary of sorts for Billy. It was full of confessions, poetry, and

sketches.

A poem caught her eyes, and skimming it, she determined it was about a guy. At Billy's school.

Oh god.

Her stomach dropped at the picture drawn next to the poem.

It was a sketch of a face Max knew very well. Steve Harrington's profile was undeniable, and to top it off, his initials were marked in tiny letters at the bottom of his neck.

Max felt tears brimming in her eyes. Neil was going to kill Billy. This was it. He'd made that threat weekly since the incident in California.

"If I find you loving another boy, ever again, I will kill you."

Max threw the notebook down, and ran towards the phone.

Luckily, Steve was unaware of Billy's feelings. So Neil would probably threaten him, maybe throw a punch, but the damage would be nowhere as bad as the boy back in Cali.

Max knew they were on route to Steve's house so Neil could humiliate Billy one last time before that piece of shit took Billy wherever he was going to go to kill him. Maybe she could stop this if she could just get a hold of Steve.

"Sir, please, Steve doesn't know about any of it, he isn't involved, please," Billy cried.

"Where's this pansy live, boy?"

Billy's wails got louder. "He doesn't know, he's not like me, he hasn't done anything!"

“WHERE DOES HE LIVE?” Neil roared.

Billy sobbed and began reluctantly directing Neil to an unsuspecting Steve.

Meanwhile, Steve was wandering from the living room to the kitchen for a late night snack, nail bat gripped tightly in his hand. He didn't sleep much these days.

The phone mounted on the kitchen wall began to ring, and Steve jumped and yelped, thanking god no one was around because it was not a very manly yelp. He set his bat down and picked up the call.

“Hello?”

“Steve!”

“Max? Is everything okay?”

“Billy's in love with you!”

“What?” If Steve had that bourbon he'd been thinking of having, he'd have spit it out in surprise. “Max, what the hell are you talking about?”

“Look, Steve, I know, I have as many questions as you but right now you just need to listen. Neil found out.”

Steve felt his mouth go dry.

Max didn't receive an answer and continued like she hadn't expected one. “He's coming. He's coming to your house. He knows you don't know so I think he'll only threaten you, and humiliate Billy, but listen Steve, you CANNOT let Billy leave with Neil,” Max's voice became choked.

Steve listened intently, though he was too paralyzed to say much.

“He's gonna kill Billy, Steve. Don't let Billy go. Don't let him kill my brother. Please.”

“Hm. Rich boy, huh?” Neil sneered as they drove into Steve’s upscale neighborhood, past rows of grand and fancy houses.

Billy didn’t answer.

“Is that why you like him? Gold digger, are you? Now which house is it.”

Billy screwed his eyes shut before pointing at a rather empty looking one in the middle of the street. Neil made a sharp turn into the driveway and Billy winced. “Out.”

Billy prayed and prayed that Steve wasn’t home, that he was out, slugging the kids around town. But as soon as he saw Steve’s Beamer, he knew there was no hope.

Neil dragged him towards the front door while eyeing the Beamer distastefully.

Steve had talked to Max for a couple more minutes, promising her he wouldn’t let anything happen to Billy, and promising to be safe himself. Right as he hung up, there was a pounding at the door.

Billy couldn’t care less if Steve would see the tears staining his face, unrelentingly pouring down his cheeks. He just didn’t want Steve to answer the door for his own sake. But luck was not on his side that night as a muffled “Coming!” sounded from behind the door.

A few seconds later it opened to reveal Steve, looking tired as hell, but not like he’d just woken up.

Under any other circumstances, Billy would have reveled in seeing Steve in those low riding flannel pants, but he hardly had a chance to look at Steve before his dad had the poor boy pinned to the door by the collar of his white tee.

“Listen here you little pansy. I don’t know what’s so special about you that makes my son *gay*,” he spat the word like a curse, “for you, but I do know this. If I ever see you around town, you better avert

your eyes, and hang your head, boy. I'm getting rid of one fag in this town tonight, I don't need to be getting rid of two."

Billy noted that Steve seemed oddly calm for such a violent surprise visit.

"Sir, I'm going to ask you to get off my property before I call the police," Steve said curtly.

Max's voice rang in his head. *"Just be cooperative Steve. I love you, but you can't win a fight for shit."* So Steve kept his calm.

"You little shit," Neil sneered. "You think you're better than me?"

"No, sir," Steve bit his tongue and his eyes glanced towards Billy, who bristled when Steve called Neil "sir."

"So do we have an understanding?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Neil reeled back and landed a single, solid punch to Steve's jaw. Billy winced, more tears falling. "Watch your back, queer." Neil released Steve and turned.

"Let's go, Billy." Neil stepped down from the porch.

Billy didn't move. He stared at Steve, mouthing "I'm sorry" over and over. Steve stared back.

"Billy!" Neil barked.

Billy was paralyzed, his face white, and eyes pleading. Steve stepped forward and wrapped Billy into a tight hug. Billy let out a choked sob.

"BILLY!" Neil turned around. "WHAT THE F--"

Steve stepped backwards into the house, pulling Billy with him and slamming the door shut. He pushed Billy aside to throw his body

against the door as he locked it, Neil's angry screaming loud even through the thick wood.

"Harrington! Are you crazy?!" Billy looked absolutely panicked. "He'll kill you too!" "Go upstairs Hargrove." Steve moved from the door and sprinted to the kitchen, grabbing his bat.

Billy followed, hysterical. "Why the hell do you even have that?!" "Go upstairs!"

A window shattered. This snapped Billy's attention, and he quickly cowered behind Steve. "WHERE ARE YOU LITTLE GAYS?"

"Stay. Here." Steve ordered, moving towards the living room.

Neil was stood, heaving, in the middle of it, face an ugly red. He spotted Steve and went to move forward, but Steve brandished his bat and Neil stopped.

"Listen you son of a bitch. You get the hell off of my property, and you never come looking for Billy, ever. I could kill you here and now and it would be legal because you are breaking and entering."

Neil shook with anger. "I will not be told what to do. You aren't really going to do anything with that bat. You have no balls, gay boy."

Billy's voice was now the voice ringing in Steve's head as Neil advanced on him.

"Plant your feet. Draw a charge."

Steve did just that as he swung his bat, landing it heavily in Neil Hargrove's head. The man crumpled in an instance, and there was no denying that he was dead. Steve dropped the bat when Neil's body dropped, as it was, well, still stuck in the Neil's head.

"Oh my god." He backed up. "Oh my god."

He knew that legally, he was in the right. But even so... he had just killed a man.

Billy heard nothing but silence, and the longer he sat, the more his head cleared. It should not be this quiet. What if Steve was hurt? Billy shoved all traces of fear down and made his way to the room Steve had disappeared in.

As he got closer, he could hear heavy and labored breathing, and immediately thought Steve was hurt. However, there was no noise from Neil.

Nothing could prepare him for the sight that greeted him when he entered that room. His heart caught in his throat. Neil was dead on the floor, bat full of nails still in his head. The white carpet was stained red, and Steve was hyperventilating in the corner, muttering “oh my god” and “I killed him” between labored breathes.

“Steve!” Steve didn’t shake from his stupor. Billy only gave his dead father a glance before rushing to Steve’s side. “Steve, Steve, talk to me, are you okay? Did he hurt you?”

Steve looked at him like he was crazy. “I killed him! Billy, I killed your dad! Aren’t you upset?”

“Harrington.” Once certain Steve was fine other than being shaken up, Billy slipped back into his attitude. They’d pretend he hadn’t just called Steve by his first name, and ignore the fact Steve called him Billy. “Neil was gonna kill me. You think I’m upset he died first?”

Steve was still shaking and Billy noticed his clothes, stained red. “C’mon Harrington, let’s clean you up.”

Steve snapped out of the catatonic state when they reached the kitchen. “Hopper. I need to call Hopper.” “Hopper? Chief of Police? No way, Harrington. No way in hell.”

Steve ignored him and went for the phone. Billy slapped it from Steve’s hand. “Hargrove! What the hell man?” “Are you deaf, Harrington? No cops.” Steve put his bloody hand on Billy’s upper arm.

“Max told me.”

“What?”

"Billy, it's okay. I know why you hate cops but I promise you. Hopper is gonna help us. He's the good guy."

Billy didn't respond. He was too busy panicking. Exactly how much had the redhead brat spilled to Steve? Steve took Billy's stunned silence as a chance to dial Hopper.

"Hop? Yeah, hey, it's Steve. Yeah. Yeah I know it's the middle of the night. Uh... yeah. Something is kinda wrong..."

Billy didn't hear anymore and soon enough, Steve had hung up. Billy snapped out of it. "Are you crazy, Harrington!?" Steve grabbed his shoulders, eyes wild. "I don't know anymore, Hargrove! I just killed your dad!" "Well the cops ain't gonna help you with that!" "This one will! Hopper is different, he'll help us!"

Billy ran shaking fingers through his curls, turning in a full circle before stomping his foot. "Damn it!"

"Calm down!" Steve scolded, though he himself wasn't much better off. So they both freaked out at and with each other until the sound of the front door creaking open grabbed their attention. Their heads whipped in the direction of the front hallway, then they slowly turned to look at one another.

They huddled together, Billy's fists clenching while Steve grabbed a kitchen knife, his bat never being retrieved from Neil's head.

"Steve? I'm here. What did you do, kid?"

Steve visibly relaxed at the sound of the man's voice, though Billy remained tense. Steve put a hand on his arm. "It's Hopper. Relax." Then he called to the man, "We're in the kitchen!"

Hopper entered a moment later, eyes wide and hat held to his chest.

"Steve... did you kill that guy?"